

THREE.
comrades walked with me when life was new. One was Youth, whose brow from care was second one was Joy, who danced and sang other, Hope. These left me company all day when Youth "farewell" did say tell me at a turning of the way.
Hope walks with me still, but keeps her eyes closed where the hills of heaven shine, Joy (whose other name is Peace), remains, though in her face I see a light divine, well I know, when past earth's toll and pain, Youth, once lost, will then be mine again! —Helen Percy in Good Housekeeping.

A LOVE AFFAIR.

The girl I am going to tell you about rather pretty, and her name is Edith. She has dark hair, and her eyes are blue, and she dresses well. She has been educated from a seminary of good repute, and her disposition is amiable to a degree which more than a year ago caught all the young men of the neighborhood at her feet. I think she won a girl's championship in singles somewhere last year, but I am not certain about that. What I can recall among our most pronounced accomplishments will put down here later on. I met so long ago that I have forgotten the circumstances of our meeting, but I guess they were of the ordinary sort. I live two doors from her now, and I drop in to see her and Mrs. Burke at least once a week. Even her marriage, which hurt me so much at the time, did not separate us for very long, and I think I have lived to forget first rash determination never to look upon her face again. I called the night of the wedding, and I have been calling regularly ever since. I am beginning to believe that it was a good thing, after all, that she didn't marry me.

What I want to tell—and it won't be long to tell it in my dry fashion—is the story of old Browne's courtship. He made his living by keeping the cash counts of a big Market street wholesale house, and Browne is the man whose desk is next to mine in the counting room. Our salary is about the same, although he is two years younger than I am, I being 51 now, we both have the same positions for 20 years. Browne weighs more than 200 pounds, and I weigh a trifle less.

Mrs. Burke, who is Edith's mother, came to this summer and had quite long talk with me about her personal affairs. She said that her late husband's estate was pretty much entangled, and at to keep her present establishment

Arch street going she would have to let some of the handsome rooms in the house to boarders. Of course she didn't want to do that, and of course I deplored the plan, but in the end it turned out that we both had to give in.

Old Browne rented the second story office room the day after I told him out. He had been living away up town, and he was glad to get a little nearer to the office, besides enjoying all the social prestige which geographical conditions could give him. He moved to the rooms with a dozen trunks and wealth of bric-a-brac, which, to my mind, did not become his age. Mrs. Burke was glad to accept the reference to which he gave her, and Edith piled upon him when she gave him his key.

I thought a good deal of Edith, and every night or two we played cards in our mother's rooms. She and I played partners against young Bob Smith and Mrs. Burke. We were pretty evenly matched, too, for Bob played a stiff game of whist, and I—well, you may remember that I was one of the Pentecostal club's prize team last fall. Edith and I won most of the games, though Bob was too informally lazy to do anything well. And then he never seemed to mind it if he lost.

The presence of old Browne annoyed me a great deal, and I don't mind saying so. About a week after he took his rooms there I found him occupying my seat at the whist table when I called. I was fumbling the cards in his awkward fashion, and Edith was laughing him. Bob was engaged in giving an illustration of me telling a war story, and in Mrs. Burke's house myself. I was actually contemplating this proposal one night in my own apartments.

My last bowl of tobacco the evening, when the colored girl who waits the door said that a man had called me. I have few callers, and I thought it might be Mr. Phipps, the engaging partner of my house, whom I invited to come to see me more than month ago.

With this idea in mind I told the girl to delay the man below stairs for a moment while I slipped into other clothes. On the door opened, and old Browne was ambling in. I was disgusted on instant, but I managed to conceal real feelings and invited him to be seated. He looked all around him to see if I was alone, set his hat on the chair and then accepted my invitation in a kind of sigh.

"Thank you," he said, "I only want to see you for a moment." I offered him a pipe, and he declined. I told him my cigars were out.

"It doesn't make any difference," he said. "I'd rather not smoke. I came to ask you some things about the rakes."

The Lord only knows how I looked at us as I hesitated for a moment.

I have seen enough of them," he said, "to believe that they are per-

fectly respectable people—otherwise I would not have taken lodgings there. You and I are old friends, and you will take away even the slight doubt there is in my mind. Are they perfectly respectable?"

"Somehow or other I managed to nod my head, but his presumption was paralyzing me.

"Thank you again," he proceeded. "The reason that I asked you is that I am going to marry Edith."

It took me a couple of minutes to master my emotions, but I am proud to say I did it. My reply was cool—almost chilly.

"Indeed!" I said. "Has she accepted you?"

"No, because I haven't proposed yet. I have given the matter a good deal of thought, but before I took so serious a step in my life I wanted some such wise old head as yours to advise me. Now I am happy, and we'll get married at once."

He shook hands with me, and the old idiot didn't notice that I failed to respond. At the door I managed to ask him this question:

"What makes you believe she'll have you?"

He seemed astonished.

"Have me!" he repeated. "Why, she's been after me ever since she knew me. I'll settle it tomorrow evening."

As he turned the stairs I noticed that he had on a suit of new clothes, a white vest and a red necktie. He said something about feeling like a schoolboy, and I rushed back to my room more affronted than I had ever been before in my life. I can always think best when I am in bed, and so I undressed and got under covers very quickly. When I had thought diligently for an hour, I turned over and said this to myself:

"The old fat beast! The idea of her marrying him! I'll propose myself to her tomorrow morning. She has been expecting it, I know, for a long time."

I didn't sleep very well and arose a little after 7 o'clock. It took me an hour to dress myself, and having no appetite for breakfast I only drank a cup of strong coffee. I then walked nearly a mile before I had decided what to say and was barely satisfied with the result. Edith was the sort of girl to be particular about such things, and I wanted to please her fancy.

Mrs. Burke came to the door and was just as much surprised to see me as I thought she would be.

"It was very good of you to come so soon," she said, "and I didn't think you knew it yet."

"Knew what?" said I.

She pulled me inside the hall and looked at me, half smiling and half tearful.

"Didn't you come to—er—congratulate anybody?"

Then I sat down on the hatrack and shook my head. I felt that it was all over, and that old Browne had won, and never in my life did I suffer so much misery in so small a space of time.

"Then," said Mrs. Burke, "I am glad to be able to inform you myself. Edith and Bob are engaged to be married."

I arose and sat down again. I thought of many things, but only one sentence struggled through my lips.

"Does—does old Browne know about it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, but it won't interest him. Before he went down town this morning he told me that he would have to give up his room on account of the sun shining in it too brightly in the morning. I'm going to turn the whole house over to Edith." —R. B. Cramer in Philadelphia Times.

Texan Hospitality.

"The latchstring hangs out," expressed the hospitality of the southern frontier in the days before the war. If a traveler rode up before the fence that separated the log cabin from the road, he was greeted by, "Light, stranger, light!" Without this salutation one dismounted, but it was rarely withheld. Mr. Williams, in his book, "Sam Houston," thus describes the impulse of hospitality, which made every traveler a guest, during the early settlement of Texas:

The traveler who rode up to the front fence was instantly invited to alight. His horse was staked out or hobbled to feed on the prairie grass, and the visitor sat down to exchange the news with his host. The coffee mill was set going, if there were any of the precious grains in the house, and the hopper in the hollow log to grinding the corn. The venison or bear meat was put on the coals, and the ash cake baked.

After the meal and the evening pipe, the visitor stretched himself on a buffalo robe on the floor with the members of the family and slept the sleep of health and fatigue. In the morning the response to any inquiry as to the charge was, "You can pay me by coming again."

The story that a certain hospitable settler used to waylay travelers on the road and compel them to visit him at the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun was only a humorous exaggeration of the instinct for hospitality which characterized the community.

The visitor was a living newspaper, who brought the only news obtainable, and was a welcome relief to the monotony and loneliness of the wilderness.—Yonk's Companion.

Reflected Light.

A dead white surface has decided advantages for reflecting light over a looking glass or a bright surface. Good white blotting paper reflects back 82 per cent of the light cast upon it. Many persons are under the impression that looking glass must be a better reflector than paper or whitewashed surface because with looking glass a strong shadow can be cast, while from a dead surface no heavy shadow is obtained.

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Bogus! Bogus white lead would have no sale did it not afford makers a larger profit than Strictly Pure White Lead.

The wise man is never persuaded to buy paint that is said to be "just as good" or "better" than

Strictly Pure White Lead.

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Standard Lead Co., Strictly Pure White Lead, St. Louis.

Materials Proportions Analyzed by

Barytes 62.35 per cent. Hogue Chauvet & Bro., St. Louis.

Oxide of Zinc 34.15 per cent. H. H. Biddulph, St. Louis.

White Lead 6.50 per cent. Less than 7 per cent. white lead.

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from 7 to 9 P. M.

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An abstract of the Annual Report to the Commissioner of Banking made January 1, 1894, in pursuance of law:

DEPOSITS

Bonded and Mortgaged..... \$10,400.00

Due in Bank and Office..... 900

United States Bonds..... 17,384.00

Morris & Essex Bonds..... 10,759.00

Delaware & R. B. Bonds..... 2,542.00

Real Estate..... 5,000.00

Furniture and Household Goods..... 3,474.08

LIABILITIES

Due to Depositors (including